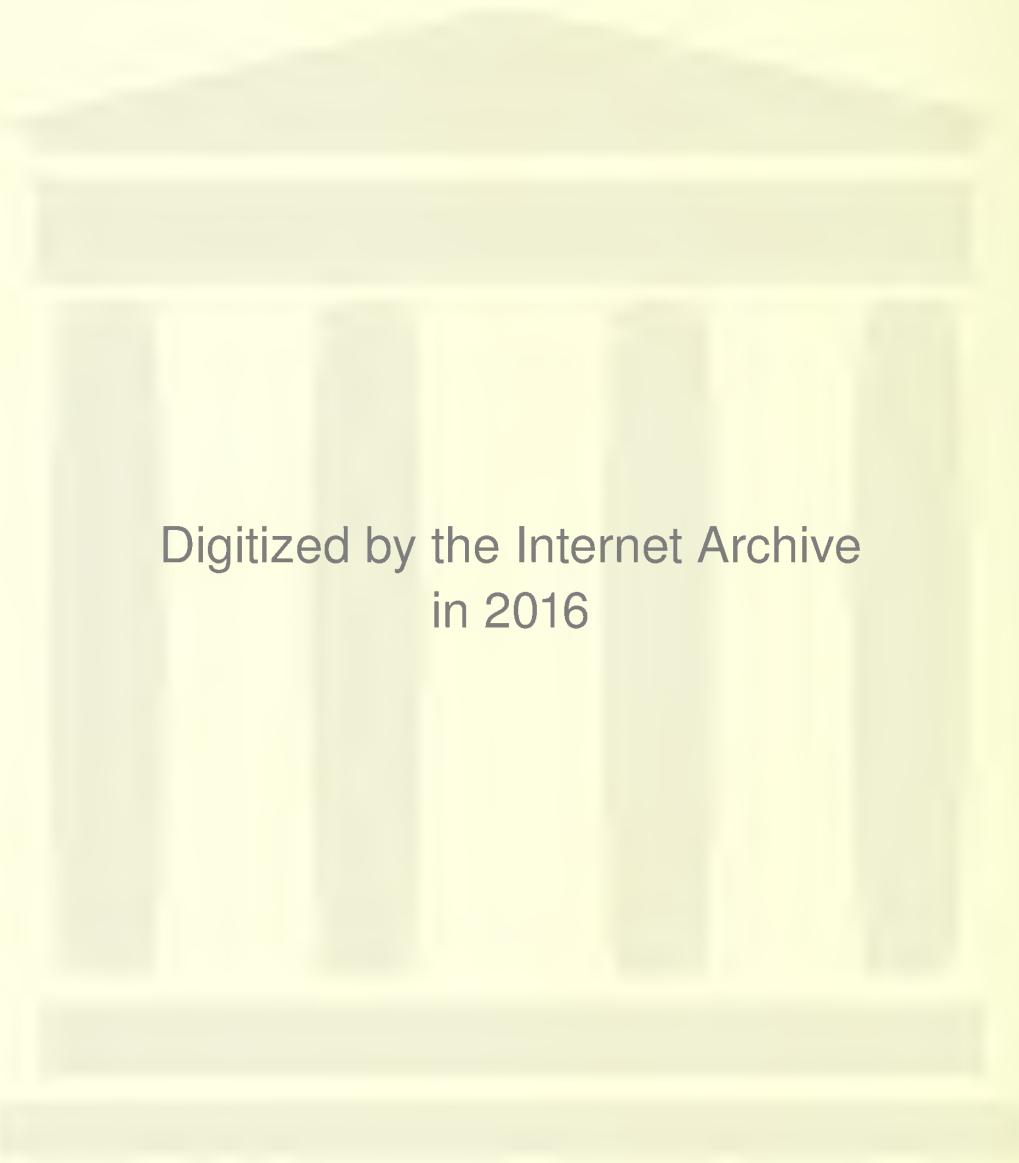




The Emersonian

1940



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Foreword

Memories are born during college years:—memories of hard-earned achievements, and of disappointments; of friendships that linger, and of the sweet nostalgia of being young and untempered—but full to overflowing with joy in the quest for living.

“We are such stuff as dreams are made on.”





The Senior Class of

Emerson College

Presents



The Emersonian



THE HANCOCK PRESS
Printing Counselors

WARREN KAY VANTINE
Photographer

for 1940



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LUCY ATAMIAN

Literary

MARGARET ROBERTS, *Editor*
ELIZABETH EVANS

Salut'

In a small measure of our affection, we dedicate this book to him who, perhaps because he knew undergraduate days at Emerson, has kept a firm hand on our shoulders.

We thank him for the breath-taking vitality with which he endowed Shakespeare and the understanding which he gave so unstintingly, ever convincing, ever helpful, ever mortal.



JOSEPH E. CONNOR, B.L.I.

now M.A. 1944



PRES. HARRY SEYMOUR ROSS



DEAN HOWARD H. HIGGINS



ADELE DOWLING LEVILLAIN,
REGISTRAR

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PHILLIPS ENDECOTT OSGOOD, D.D., L.H.D.	<i>Lecturer in Biblical History</i>



Seniors

The EMERSONIAN for 1940



PATRICIA ARCHAMBAULT
West Warwick, Rhode Island

A.B. "Pattie"

President of Class 1, 2; Newman Club, Secretary 2, Federation Representative 4; Phi Mu Gamma, President 4; *Emersonian* Photographic Editor.

"Chic Pattie is unique in that she has come unscathed through Emerson melo-dramatics. She is a truly gracious person."

LUCY ATAMIAN
Belmont, Massachusetts

A.B.

Zeta Phi Eta, Recording Secretary; Cap and Gown Committee; *Emersonian* Sales Committee; Dean's List.

"If sociability is a talent, Lucy's sincerity has lifted it to the status of an art. Her frankness has helped many of us solve our problems."



The Emersonian for 1940

EVELYN BERGMAN
Mattapan, Massachusetts

B.L.I.

Sigma Delta Chi, Secretary 4;
Emersonian Literary Staff.

"With logic as her compass, and drama as her canteen, she drifts with Freud on a sea of psychology. A keenly intelligent girl, standing shy but very capable before her adversaries."



MARJORIE BREYER
New York

A.B. "Skippy"

Sigma Delta Chi, President 4;
Student Government Representative 4; *Emersonian* Advertising Staff; Dean's List.

"A laconic chemist with a strange
alloy
Might have mixed this human toy:
In it swirl all elements rare,
Intellect, reason, joy, despair."

The EMERSONIAN for 1940



A. LORRAINE CANNEY
Cambridge, Massachusetts

B.L.I.

"Ann"

Emersonian Business Manager;
Newman Club 1, 2, 3, Vice Presi-
dent 4; Forensic Union; Baccalaau-
reate Usher; Junior Prom Com-
mittee.

"She of the fiery heart, hair, and
tongue—possessing the smack and
tang of elemental things. Eternal
enemy of the absolute."

ALICE R. CAVANAUGH
Worcester, Massachusetts

A.B.

Vice President Sophomore
Class; President Senior Class;
Zeta Phi Eta; Newman Club 1, 2,
3; Student Government; Junior
Prom Committee; Dean's List.

"Her confidence and ability
without presumption have led us
into still waters—for this, we are
grateful. Possessor of an indefin-
able something called charm."



The EMERSONIAN for 1940

ELEANOR CROWLEY
Sherborn, Massachusetts

B.L.I. "*Betty*"

Senior Chairman Decorations.

"The calm and spacious sweep
of a meadow stretches before us in
a never ending line of nonchalance,
yet enclosed by a background of
strength."



BERNIECE CURRIE
Ballston Spa, New York

B.L.I. "*Bernie*"

Zeta Phi Eta, Treasurer 3;
President 4; Commencement
Speaker Chairman; Dean's List.

"Effervescence that is disarmingly sudden, and efficiency that is coolly effective—the happy combination is rare."

The EMERSONIAN for 1940



ELAINE DEITCH
West Warwick, Rhode Island
B.L.I.

Sigma Delta Chi, Secretary;
Menorah Society; *Emersonian* Assistant
Editor.

"Here is a poet's task! How else
to combine her emotion, ability,
and ideals other than in the fancy
of a poet's dream?"

ELLEN DOWLING
Milton, Massachusetts

B.L.I.

Treasurer of Junior and Senior
Classes; Member of Student Coun-
cil; Newman Club.

"The current of life swirls
around her leaving her enriched by
the experiences of others. A calm
spot in troubled waters."



The EMERSONIAN for 1940

MARY DOWNEY
Blackstone, Massachusetts

B.L.I.

Emersonian Social Editor; New-
man Club; Senior Cap and Gown
Committee.

"She smiles and the angels sing.
A softly moulded femininity
forms a crucible for her impreg-
nable ideals."



HAROLD W. DUTCH
Belfast, Maine

B.L.I. "Dutchie"

Treasurer of Freshman and
Sophomore Classes; Phi Alpha
Tau, Vice President 3, President
4; Sophomore, Junior, Senior Re-
citals; Dean's List.

"For us he could epitomize New
England, soft green hills and clean
white houses with red roofs; all
the more calm for being near the
turbulent sea."

The EMERSONIAN for 1940



ELIZABETH EVANS
North Wilmington, Massachusetts
A.B. "Bets"

Emersonian Literary Staff; Senior Ways and Means Committee; Senior Decorations Committee.

"A conscious power of femininity that is lush yet sharply defined, and with it, a quiet type of courage that often passes unnoticed."

WEALTHEA M. FIELDS
Erie, Pennsylvania

B.L.I. "Wally"

Phi Mu Gamma, Secretary.

"Golden tinted and fair—possessing a sophistication that is natural, and a certain brightness that is not caught easily in words."



The EMERSONIAN for 1940

ANN FRANKLIN
Methuen, Massachusetts

A.B.

Secretary of Senior Class; Inter-Class Dance Committee; Student Government Representative.

"Our genial iconoclast who gains her ends without toil, and needs no shouting to win."



THELMA GELLER
West Newton, Massachusetts

A.B.

Student Government Representative; Menorah Society, Treasurer; Sigma Delta Chi; Inter-Class Dance Ticket Chairman.

"Thoughts that are silent, yet guarded by definite ideas. Calm humor that is infectious but sensible."

The EMERSONIAN for 1940



PRISCILLA GUENETTE
Salem, Massachusetts

B.L.I.

Vice President Junior Class;
May Queen.

"The curving marble beauty of
the Birth of Venus and the metallic
rhythm of a harpsichord, here
stirs life in a Renaissance of mo-
tion."

PATRICIA HEALY
Quincy, Massachusetts

B.L.I. "Pat"

Phi Mu Gamma: Senior Decorations Committee; Newman Club 1; Junior, Senior Recitals.

"Feel that the whole world is dull, dreary, and workaday—but reflect a moment on this human bit of whimsy—and be refreshed."



The EMERSONIAN for 1940

ELEANOR LEVY
Brookline, Massachusetts

A.B.

International Relations Club;
Senior Decorations Committee.

"A quick excitement pervades
the atmosphere around this agile
and keen personality. Clear witted,
with staccato manner of speech."



DOROTHEA MACDONALD
Stoughton, Massachusetts

A.B.

"*Dottie*"

Newman Club; Senior Ways
and Means Committee; Junior
Picnic Committee.

"Here is a deep well of humor
that sun sparkles on and clouds
cannot darken. Things happen to
us all, but to Dottie, they hap-
pen twice as fast, and twice as
funny."

The EMERSONIAN for 1940



IRENE MANDROS
Lawrence, Massachusetts

A.B. "Mandy"
Newman Club 1, 2; Forensic Union.

"A deep emotional undercurrent found its counterpart in our Emerson system, and helped a budding personality to unfold."

ROY MCGILLIVRAY
Everett, Massachusetts

B.L.I.

Student Government Representative, President 4; President Newman Club; Secretary Phi Alpha Tau 3.

"A bulwark in our class. A princely mind that fought for and found its best, then used it well."



The EMERSONIAN for 1940

MARGARET ROBERTS
Provincetown, Massachusetts

B.L.I. "Peg"

Zeta Phi Eta; *Emersonian* Literary Editor; Junior Recitals; Dean's List.

"Our female Pagliacci, whose laughter and tears are distilled into an alchemy that Shakespeare would have revelled in. The eyes of a dreamer and the mind of a scholar."



BERNICE SALANS
A.B. Revere, Massachusetts
B.L.I. "Bunny"

Sigma Delta Chi; Menorah Society, Secretary 3; Senior Recitals; Commencement Tea Recital; *Emersonian* Social Staff; Sophomore, Junior and Senior Recitals.

"Page after page of rippling water, now gay, now troubled, now calm, with a conscious depth of emotion—hearty, gracious and warm."

Madelyn Selig
The EMERSONIAN for 1940



MADELYN SELIG
Gloucester, Massachusetts

A.B. "Maddie"

Emersonian Editor-in-Chief;
Zeta Phi Eta; Newman Club 1, 2,
3, 4; Junior Prom Committee;
Commencement Usher; Dean's
List.

"A clear-visioned girl with
blithe hope in her heart, and
enough of the touch of a child to
make her a woman."

EVELYN SHAPIRO
Brookline, Massachusetts

A.B.

Vice President of Senior Class;
President of Menorah Society;
Sigma Delta Chi, Secretary 2, 3;
Member of Student Council; Men-
orah Dance Committee 3.

"The stabilizing influence in any
'jam session,' but possessing a
spark of almost Puckish joy in liv-
ing."



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EDWARD JAY SULLIVAN
Holyoke, Massachusetts
B.L.I. "Ed"
Phi Alpha Tau: *Emersonian*
Advertising Manager.
"He has disguised himself as
Mercutio for fear the armor of a
Galahad will shine through the
make-up."



JESSIE SYLVESTER
Stoneham, Massachusetts

A.B.
Baccalaureate Usher; Invitation
Committee 4; Sophomore Recitals.

"Friendliness is ever a virtue,
and she possessing it, is well
armed on her way through life."

The EMERSONIAN for 1940



RUTH WOOD
Cranston, Rhode Island

B.L.I. "Woodie"

Zeta Phi Eta, President 3; Student Government Representative 1, 2; Vice President Student Government 4; President Junior Class; *Emersonian* Sales Manager; Dean's List.

"The expansive range of a harp is hers—each vibrating chord a crisp bright emotion. This coupled with her indelible love for living makes her a pulsating personality."

LAWRENCE EDSON
Rochester, New York

A.B. "Larry"

Phi Alpha Tau; *Emersonian* Photographic Staff; Dean's List.

"Ardent lover of Pope's 'Pierian Spring,' having achieved much more than a taste of it."

ANNE LINSCOTT
Swampscott, Massachusetts

B.L.I.

Senior Recitals.

"Her power for quiet participation in our hectic 'seniority' makes her not a visitor, but an ally whose unruffled presence lends a stability we too often lack."

ELIZABETH PIERCE TRUF
Weymouth, Massachusetts

A.B. "Betty"

"A quiet rich source of ability that has been proven many times, and humor that is quick and clear."



IN MEMORIAM

BETTY SAUER

Died October 26, 1938

Flower in the crannied wall
I pluck you out of the crannies
I hold you here, root and all, in
my hand,
Little flower—but if I could un-
derstand
What you are, root and all, and
all in all,
I should understand what God
and man is.

Tennyson.

Senior Class History



We've been waiting a long time to write a story of these last four years.

It all began in the middle of September, 1936, when we first stepped inside that grilled doorway and were confronted by the chaste beauty of our classic staircase. It was then we realized how much a threshold might mean to us.

We soon became acquainted with what went on in the class rooms—strange things and new—much older than we expected. And then we decided that as we grew, Emerson would change around us. You see, it was not that we loved the place less, but simply that it came to matter so soon that we wanted a feeling of taking part of it along with us. Selfish, perhaps, but kids are like that, and we were kids, sixteen or eighteen then.

Those years have gone more in the fashion of a movie calendar's flipping pages than in any other way.

We were freshmen. Leslie Howard played "Hamlet" that year. Roosevelt had been in office for four years and six months. Our country was in a period of colossal construction. Everyone was telling us that it looked like a bright 1940. We thought so, too. Freshman-Sophomore night and our Inter-Class dance initiated us, and we were soon confronted by a class pantomime which progressed as though inspired. We got enough of a taste of night rehearsal and curtain call to request an advanced pantomime course the next year.

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The smoker was redecorated. George Velardo's murals had inhabited it with wall portraits.

In 1937, Julius Caesar, in modern dress, visited Boston. Our original pantomime program was followed in quick succession by our one-act plays while down town a new play called "Our Town" tried out in Boston previous to Broadway. Our sophomore recital program brought a new method of objectifying poetry. Our class in Sophomore Writing was just getting its grip on things literary. There we resolved to have some place to put this story of our college life as soon as it was written. Our drama course with Mrs. Kay brought forth, from our labors over stylized, realistic and dramatic technique, two groups of one-act plays. We were now an integral part of Emerson life. This was the mid-stream.

It was in 1938, after the September hurricane, that Maurice Evans brought his "Hamlet" to town just as our Major Plays of Shakespeare class was absorbed in the study of the play. It is a beautiful memory. We did "Prunella" then, and were privileged to choose P. G. Wodehouse's "Damsel in Distress" for our next production. Long nights of rehearsal could hardly dim the vivid thoughts we remember even now. Our Modern European History class was discussing the problem of aggressive nations in the balance of world power. Our own balance was beginning to seem precarious. Given in junior recitals that year were, "Journey's End," a MacArthur fantasy, one of Leacock's inimitable things, and Noel Coward's "Vortex." For years there had been four little red books with which we were acquainted. They outlined Dr. Emerson's philosophy of the evolution of expression. We were just beginning to understand exactly what he meant and were adjusting ourselves to the new and broader life that hummed through Boston's old streets. Just starting, you know, for life doesn't get understood very easily. We presented a group of one-actors from three-actors as our last production of the season. Our Prom stood then, as now, unique in our social activities. Tony Molyneaux, our Prom Queen, almost wept as she received that armful of American beauties. They have withered long ago, but not so our memories. In the late spring, Mrs. Kay's '40 Grand became our token of appreciation for all the happiness we had working under her direction. Also in the late spring, we were the first class in six years to catch the seniors on Sneak Day.

The European situation was at a head in the September of 1939; the rolling impetus we had long surveyed with growing concern was piling to a climax. Our Revival play was "Twelfth Night." Many of us had wondered whether or not we would be back at school, but such is the hold of Emerson that here we were, thirty-one of us. Once you get back you wonder if your memory of the place is ever true. There is so much of what poets call life here, and it is so conceived that you can't take any away without giving to it. We presented an extra performance of the "Jest" just before Christmas; when we returned from vacation, it had happened—war. They told us so simply, a three

letter word, war,—there on the other side of the world. The time we had for college was growing short. Our history students said we were lucky, but we were wondering.

Plans for this year book, which picked up a tradition lost six years ago, were under way, and here was our long-awaited opportunity. We had two groups of recitals this year, and our classes have grown toward the last phases of preparation for commencement. Education and social work seemed to blend into our curriculum plan almost before we noticed them. Somehow or other winter has passed over Boston, the last time some of us will see it here, and spring has come back on the esplanade again. "Our Town" is prepared for production and "Once In A Lifetime" chosen for our commencement play in the new theatre. Things are slowly getting themselves done. Our Recital Tea, last socials, and graduation are all but over. Any day now one then another of us will sneak up to the front hall and look on the same staircase we saw four years ago. Some of us will weep and others won't, but we will all take away some of what has happened here and hope that what we gave back is as good to live with as what we have. But no matter what else we do, we'll all stand on the threshold—and think.

MARGARET ROBERTS.

Junior Class History

Oh, the acute joys and throes of first love are incomparable to those experienced when cast upon the troubled waters of education as mere insignificant college Freshmen. Today we, as Juniors, return in memory to a golden treasure chest reminiscent of those days wherein lie many souvenirs that have been carefully and tenderly tucked away. As we lift the cover, a bit of paper flutters out, and we find written upon it the names of our first class officers, President Bernice Lynch, Vice President Natalie Houseman, Secretary Lester MacGregory, Treasurer Stanley Werenski, and Student Government Representatives Peggy Carrol and William Ackley.

Thinking of them recalls our first class performance on Freshman-Sophomore Night, and the fun we had. Reaching into the chest we find a huge butcher knife so suggestive of our Freshman Pantomime, the bloody, the terrible, the *Mistress Bluebird*. Another keepsake we discover is a lovely, fragile seashell, recalling, perhaps, the happiest memory of all, our Freshman Class Picnic at Betty Witherall's summer home. Can't you Juniors still smell the tang of the salt air, and the fragrance of hamburgers and onions—oh happy day!

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Too soon our Sophomore year arrived, with Bernice again at the helm. Inside a tattered one-act play book, we come upon a program of three original Sophomore Pantomimes entitled, *Apache*, *In A Royal Garden*, and *The Return of Captain Kidd* by the authors Werenski, Winick, and Darling, respectively. A candid camera snapshot captioned, "Life goes to a picnic," or "If you didn't go you missed it," reminds us of another successful picnic. A box containing a fan, a pigtail, a black and mighty moustache, and a gold bracelet opens a new chapter. The fan and pigtail are the happy remembrances of our first Laboratory Theatre attempt, *The Yellow Jacket*, of which we as Juniors were augustly proud. The villainous moustache is a memory of that heart-rending melodrama, *Under the Gaslight*. Remember the words on the program, "Don't hiss too loud"? Best of all, our Junior Promenade signified by the gold bracelet. Mentally, we picture beautiful girls, handsome escorts, atmosphere. We see lovely Bernice Lynch crowned queen by Junior President Lester MacGregory, and then, but all too suddenly, we realize that our thoughts have traversed the past, and have carried us into the present.

Carefully, and with tenderness we return our treasures, each and every one to its nook. We close the cover but turn no key, for memories cannot be stolen; rather they are cherished possessions that live in the hearts and minds of us all, always.

NATALIE HOUSEMAN.

Sophomore Class History



NOT GUILTY (a history in one act)

Characters—Justasoph O'More, the defendant

Judge

Attorney for the defense

Scene—Court of Collegiate Complaints

(As the curtain rises, we see the Attorney for the Defense addressing the Judge.)

A. for D.—Your Honor, my colleague, the prosecuting attorney, has attempted to prove to you that my client, Mr. Justasoph O'More, is guilty of failing to further the interests of his client, Emerson College. To prove to you that my client is not guilty, may I call him to the stand?

Judge—You may.

(Mr. O'More walks briskly forward, takes the stand, and is sworn in.)

A. for D.—Now, Mr. O'More, will you please tell the court what happened on the day of October 11, 1938?

Justasoph—Certainly. On October 11, 1938, the newly-arrived freshmen held a class election and chose Virginia Mansell as their president; Louise Miller, vice president; Ruth Gray, secretary; Pauline Reardon, treasurer; and Ruth McDevitt and Dulcy Weiss as Student Government Representatives.

A. for D.—Thank you, Mr. O'More, and now will you tell the court exactly where you were on the evening of November 10, 1938?

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Justasoph—I was at the Emerson Dormitory. The class of 1941 was holding Freshman-Sophomore Night, and our class was doing its best to entertain them. After this, Beatrice Lynch, president of the sophomore class, crowned Virginia Mansell, president of the freshman class, and formally installed the other officers.

A. for D.—Fine! Now tell the court what happened on March 28, 1939.

Justasoph—I remember that well. It was the date of the first public performance of the class of '42. It consisted of two pantomimes, and was given at the Lee Auditorium. One other thing happened that spring. On May 23, Hand-Me-Down Day was held, and we, as a class, officially became sophomores.

A. for D.—And now that you are sophomores, suppose you tell the court exactly what you have done this year.

Justasoph—Well, for one thing, we have had many presentations of one-act plays, and we have some splendid talent in our class, if I do say so myself. We re-elected our president, secretary, and treasurer, and elected Bob McGivern as vice president and Mary Grout and Doris Wait as Student Government Representatives. On November 22, we held our Freshman-Sophomore Night, and had a grand time. And, oh yes, we had a hot-dog roast, and are now planning a barn dance. That's all.

A. for D.—Thank you, Mr. O'More, you may leave the stand now.

(*Justasoph O'More* resumes his original seat as the Attorney for the Defense addresses the Judge.)

A. for D.—Your Honor, I rest my case.

Judge—That one doesn't even require thought. I find the defendant not guilty. Next case.

DOROTHY SHELTON.

Freshman Class History

LANDMARKS

A QUICK HISTORY OF THE FRESHMAN CLASS, E. C., '43 A. D.

By Nick Stantley

To say that the class of 1943 is the greatest class ever met under the banners of Emerson College is to bring down the thunder of the upper classes. Let it rain. The facts remain, with malice toward none, that '43 has definitely got something thar'.

For instance, behold the history, unjustly crammed into the remaining slimly allotted wordage, of the Class of nineteen hundred and forty-three

The Freshman Tea: Early in September, 1939; and the faculty and the upperclassmen are astounded at the good spirits and vitality of us newcomers. And our appetites.

The Inter-Class Dance: First big social function to include Freshmen. Us well-behaved, well-dressed, well-represented. Well, well.

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Emerson Cinema Dramatic Guild: First thing of its kind in any college. Conceived by Gloria Conliffe, Paul Dwinell, Doris Miller—all Freshmen!

International Institute Pageant and Ball: Freshmen active in staging and publicity work for big charity affair at Hotel Statler.

Elections: First of its kind. Nomination papers. Real big-time politics stuff. Fellows sweep every office except one. Dick Kilbourne, President; Nick Stantley, Vice President; Bob Lord, Treasurer; Chris Burke, Secretary; Jack Pinney and Barbara Gallison, Representatives to Student Council.

Freshman-Sophomore Night: Frosh prove they can take it. Are commended by all-knowing Sophs.

Freshman-Sophomore Pantomimes: '43 gives Mrs. Levillain set of books on pantomime, also gives orchids. Afterwards, Mrs. Levillain dishes out verbal orchids. Says Frosh tops.

Press Club: Twenty Freshmen get school more publicity than ever before. Mr. Chipman commends group as best in history. Nixtantley chosen managing editor; Barbara Gallison, editor.

Midyearlings: Idea originated by '43. All Frosh meet in private student sessions to lecture, compare notes, prepare for midyears. (Subsequent result: every '43-er who made Dean's List, attended Mid-yearling sessions!)

Dean's List: Lois Allard, Miriam Phelps, Dick Kilbourne, Nick Stantley.

Second Semester: Freshmen go up in two pantomimes, unaided by Sophomores Prepare for public productions in spring Faculty and upper class astounded at talent, vitality, good spirits of Class of 1943.

At Emerson less than three months, Norman Davey appears for week at the Copley Theatre in "Winterset" with New York professional stock company Olive Boehm, on call at WBZ, does over thirty broadcasts. Still going great guns Shirley Newman elected secretary of Forensic Union Freshmen behind Sleigh Ride plans Frosh fellers go through week of initiation, are accepted into Phi Alpha Tau Nixtantley writes brief class history, includes himself plenty, ends here.



Activities

Student Government



The Student Government Association is an intermediary group between the student body and the college officials, regulating affairs in the various classes, and working for understanding between groups.

The first thing that the Freshmen encountered this year was the induction regulations initiated and executed by the Student Council. This induction of Freshmen is considered a necessary step in developing school spirit among the new comers.

By an act passed in 1938-39, the number of members in the Council was increased from twenty to twenty-eight. In the same year, the administration provided for a student activities hour on Friday at 12 o'clock, in which the Council or any club could meet.

The Inter-Class Dance, which initiated the social season, and at which the Freshmen and upperclassmen always become acquainted, was a noteworthy success. A post-exam roller skating party was sponsored by S. G. A. in February and was enthusiastically enjoyed by those who attended. A benefit performance is being planned, the proceeds of which will go to the building fund of the new theatre.

A new constitution, which is to be adopted this year, will define more clearly the aims and specific duties of the officers and Council, and will enlarge the powers of the Council.

OFFICERS

President
Vice President
Secretary
Treasurer

ROY MCGILLIVRAY
RUTH WOOD
HOPE DUVAL
HELEN LEARY

Kappa Gamma Chi



Kappa Gamma Chi is a local organization founded here at Emerson College on January 13, 1932. Kappa is primarily a social sorority, but she maintains as her standard the Emerson ideal and strives toward scholarship and the loyal support of all Emerson activities. Choral Verse has long been one of her special functions.

Among Kappa's activities in the social vein this year have been the open dance and concert at Longwood Towers given in collaboration with the Harvard Instrumental Clubs; a Hallowe'en picnic at the home of our esteemed president at which we were confronted with spooks at every corner; a Christmas party followed by carolling, and innumerable birthday parties for the honorable inmates themselves.

Sometime during the years to come, when college is a thing of the past, and the business of winding our way in this a stark reality, our thoughts will wander back across the years to light upon the memories of our sorority days. We will be haunted by lingering ghosts of nights spent in the smokers, of Coca-Cola bottles, and peanut butter nabs from Elliot's. Our sorority smoker will probably arise out of a hazy mist full of glorious memories of all the fun we had together. But most important of all will be the friendships built up through mutual cooperation and participation in all our work and play.

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Sergeants-at-arms

ALICE JEWEL, DOROTHY PAUL

Phi Mu Gamma



Backward, turn backward, oh time, in thy flight, and make us freshmen just for tonight. In our rather sweet white gowns, which we thought so sophisticated, let us live again that formal rush tea at the Hotel Sheraton. The spring brought our closed dance at the Ritz Carlton, then came Foundation Day Tea at the dormitory.

Sophomore year—the Crystal Ballroom—Hotel Kenmore. Sister Ryan announced her engagement. Next, the dance at the Fox and Hounds Club, such fun. Then came the frenzied rehearsals for Stage Door. Remember Ruth Uderitz? She was tremendous as Judy. The final performance—programs rustling—our director, George Brinton Beal, looking like the cat who swallowed the canary.

Junior year—initiation tea at Archambault's and their grand hospitality. Another closed formal at the Ritz Carlton. The spring tea, again at Archambault's.

Suddenly, without warning, it was out last year. Our autumn tea with just eight of us left. Remember the day President Ross, Mrs. Andrews, Mr. Demarie and we eight piled into one car to be guests of the Morgan Memorial?

We spent Patriot's Day week-end at Lafayette Farm in Rhode Island, and last and most wonderful, the spring formal—Empire Room—Hotel Kenmore. Several of the girls with that perfect man they had finally found.

Guess we are a little sentimental, but after all, four years is a long time, and parting is difficult. So tonight, we're taking time out to dream of those midnight lunches, contract bridge games, blind dates, and rehearsals, for we shall be very nervous when that sheep-skin is presented to us because it means a new beginning on another phase of life.

Sigma Delta Chi



Picture with me, if you will, a group of eighteen young ladies sitting sedately in a cozy club room, calmly discussing various problems. The tranquility of the atmosphere is broken, occasionally, by a side remark from one of the girls, but she immediately subsides after glances of disapproval from the others. A lovely scene, n'est ce pas? Well, this is the exact antithesis of a Sigma Delta Chi sorority meeting, with the girls chattering, laughing, and sitting in positions even a contortionist would marvel at. The meeting is reminiscent of a bevy of bees buzzing busily about their business. Skippy Breyer, our president, (by virtue of having the strongest pair of lungs) brings up the question of old business, whereupon Evelyn Shapiro, our treasurer, clears her throat and timidly (?) asks the girls to please pay up their dues. The girls look at her askance until she retires, abashed, and the meeting proceeds.

Elaine Deitch, secretary, reads the minutes of the last meeting and asks for corrections, glaring at anyone who dares to utter a sound. And thus the meeting proceeds. Plans are made for our annual dance, held on the Ritz Roof—or perhaps a discussion ensues concerning our formal dinner for the new members, at which time our honorary member, Professor Joseph Connor, graces our table, and convulses us with his stories. Evelyn Bergman, our program chairman, takes the floor, and the intellectual side of our program begins. One of the girls has finished, finally, *Gone with the Wind*, so we all listen to a review of Rhett Butler's daring—oh yes, Scarlett O'Hara is in it, too.

Despite the many interruptions, (Sim's wanted on the 'phone) everything we set out to do is accomplished. Sigma Delta Chi is more than a group of girls brought together in a social way. We pride ourselves on the fact that our girls are, intellectually and socially, a credit to Emerson.

Zeta Phi Eta



A cameo and pearls—beautiful to look at and significant to the sorority of Zeta Phi Eta, for which they symbolize high ideals of endeavor.

Zeta Phi Eta is a national professional speech arts fraternity having twenty-one chapters in colleges all over the country. Alpha chapter is here at Emerson, and we are rather proud of the distinction. Perhaps a quotation from the handbook would serve best to illustrate Zeta's aims: "To band together in speech schools and departments of speech, groups of selected college women interested in maintaining high standards of speech, and to build up a professional philosophy for women engaged in the speech profession."

Zeta finds time during the year for several activities. Every fall she presents Zeta Toy Theatre, consisting of three one-act plays staged entirely by the girls and directed by a Zeta alumna. The experience is practical, and the fun? Well, will you ever forget Angel in that costume, or Bernie, sitting on the floor, face tense, waiting for her cue to begin working all the sound effects at once, or our lady-like Lucy, hip-swinging it across the stage for all she was worth?

Then there is our Colonial Tea, all done up in candlelight and roses and old-fashioned gowns, our trips out to the homes of various alumni, and to round out the year, our spring dance. Although our activities are not numerous, they are each one memorable, and help in some way to make Zeta girls feel a kinship in working together and enjoying their fun.

Bernie Currie is our president this year, with Ruth Wood as vice president, Lucy Atamian as recording secretary, Margaret Roberts as corresponding secretary, Doris Ann Wait as treasurer, and Madelyn Selig as marshal.

Phi Alpha Tau



Phi Alpha Tau, a national speech arts fraternity, had its origin at Emerson College in 1898 under the leadership of Walter Bradley Tripp. It was incorporated as a National Fraternity in 1904 with the Alpha chapter at Emerson.

Primarily professional in nature, Phi Alpha Tau is a popular contributing factor to the social life at Emerson. Combining the social and speech aspects of the college, their traditional activities include an annual initiation, a dramatic presentation, and a formal dance.

The spirit of brotherhood prevails in the organization as it is deemed necessary to men seeking a full college life. The members stand as one in their courses in the college curriculum as well as extra-curricular activities, and are aided by one another in expressing their individual talents to their best advantage.

Members of Phi Alpha Tau are in three divisions which include Honorary, Associate, and Active members.

The Honorary members are: Dr. Rowland Grey-Smith, Dean Howard H. Higgins, Alfred Lunt, Dr. Justus McKinley, and Mr. Robert Wade.

The Associate members are: Robert Burnham, Grover C. Shaw, and Joseph E. Connor, National Secretary.

The Active officers are: 1939-40 President, Harold Dutch; Vice President, Edward Sullivan; Secretary, Roy McGillivray; Treasurer, Stanley Werenski; Sergeant-at-arms, Lawrence Edson. 1940-41 President, Stanley Werenski; Vice President, Achille Riello; Secretary, Lester MacGregory; Treasurer, W. David Crockett.

Dormitory House Committee



The college maintains a residence at 373 Commonwealth Avenue in Boston. It was a hotel at one time, and lends itself admirably to the function of housing women students. In keeping with the Student Government idea, a house committee was formed consisting of a representative from each of the four sororities, one non-sorority girl, a faculty member, and the house-mistress, Mrs. Andrew. This group arbitrates the differences between individuals or other groups, and enforces the rules of the dormitory.

Seated from left to right are: Patricia Archambault, president of Phi Mu Gamma; Mrs. Andrew, Emerson house-mistress; and Berniece Currie, president of Zeta Phi Eta; standing are: Betty Witherall, non-sorority; Janet Drain, president of Kappa Gamma Chi; Allee Hamilton, instructor; and Marjorie Breyer, president of Sigma Delta Chi.

Forensic Union

The Forensic, which has not been active for the past few years, was revived early this year under the direction of Professor Shaw. The club meets bi-monthly, and holds open forums. The aims of the organization are to enable its members to discuss, intelligently, current events, and to hold inter-collegiate discussions with other colleges. Plans have already been completed to hold a forum with Boston College early in April, and Boston University has expressed willingness to discuss a popular question sometime in May.

We believe that this club will again become a very vital factor in extra-curricular activities at Emerson College.

The officers are: President, George McGurk; Secretary, Shirley Newman.

The Newman Club

The Newman Club of Emerson College is affiliated with the International Federation of Catholic College Clubs, and is represented in the New England Province of the Federation.

In January, the Mid-winter Communion Breakfast was held, at which Father Francis X. Downey, S. J., former Dean of Holy Cross, was the speaker.

The club is to attend, in a body, the Communion Breakfast of the annual Spring Convention, to be held on April 8. The late spring breakfast of the club is to be held in May.

Under the direction of George McGurk, a discussion group was formed and it is to become a permanent part of the club.

The officers are: President, Roy McGillivray; Vice President, Ann Canney; Secretary, Dorothea McDonald; Treasurer, Polly Reardon.

International Relations Club

The Emerson chapter of the International Relations Club had a more or less successful season. The programs this year consisted mainly of round table discussions, at which a membership of from fifteen to twenty engaged actively, and in case of heated discussion, enthusiastically in topics such as the European war, economic problems, neutrality, etc.

The quota of speakers fell off considerably, but the club promises several for the spring season.

Emerson was represented by club members at the New England Conference of International Relations Clubs at New York, and also at a regional conference at Tufts.

The officers of the club are: President, Robert McGivern; Vice President, Grace Glazer; Secretary, Virginia Richardson.

The club maintains a book shelf in the library on international affairs, and distributes, fortnightly, a summary of world events.

Forum Speaking

The modern trend in public speaking seems to be towards informal group discussion: the popularity of this type of speaking has grown rapidly and is noticed, particularly, in the many fine radio programs devoted to the exchanging of opinions on controversial subjects for the enlightenment and enjoyment of large audiences. Emerson College was not long in picking up the trend, as two years ago, Professor Shaw organized a forum speaking class that has since become not only an accepted part of the curriculum, but active in providing entertainment that the college audience may participate in. Although the group is trained in many forms of public speaking from formal debate to nonsense talks, it takes as its main objective for each semester, the presentation of five or six detailed and unbiased points of view on a single subject, then invites the audience to question their information.

Last year the topic was "The Freedom of the American Press" and the students, after interviewing authorities in such fields as business, religion, law, politics, left-wing movements and the newspapers themselves, reported on the attitude of a large sampling of America towards its press.

This year, two of the students, Marjorie Breyer and Madelyn Selig, were invited to Massachusetts Institute of Technology to debate the question, "Women's styles show them to have a Basically Inferiority Complex," while two other students, Ann Canney and Irma Sims, debated the question of a third term for president both with women from the Women's Republican Club, and with two students from the University of Connecticut. The forum topic for last semester concerned "What Shall We Say to Our Elders about Politics, Drinking, Discipline, Education, and Sex." This semester, the forum topic will be "What Codes Men Live By."

The group this year consisted of: Ann Canney, Irma Sims, Marjorie Breyer, Alice Cavanaugh, Anette Colbeth, Eleanor Levy, Madelyn Selig, and Flora Wing.

Dance Drama

The May Dance Festival is a bright spot in the Emerson schedule of public productions, and it is Miss Riddle's classes in dancing and physical education that promote the affair.

Besides the group and individual dances, a girl who best emulates the tradition of old English ladyhood is chosen from the junior class, and crowned Queen of the May. Our May Queen was Priscilla Guenette.

Emerson Theatre

Work was begun on the Emerson Theatre during the summer of 1939, and promises to be completed in time for the commencement exercises of the class of 1940. The theatre is built on land adjoining the college and facing the Esplanade along the Charles River, and for its size, will be one of the best equipped college theatres in the east.



Poetry

A Wet Leaf Fell

With cloven hoof he came,
Pushing the dew-soaked branches
With fur-coated throat,
And felt the tingle of
Cool dew on his flank.
Where the East was,
Airy gold filtered through green canopy
And struck his antlered crown
With shafts of luminous gleams.
He paused, a frozen brown marble;
Nostrils quivered with anticipation,
Sniffing the air for death.
One with the forest was he,
As the tree,
As the hidden aster.
Morning shadows grew smaller,
Stealing into many earthy corners.
Content with his loneliness,
The frozen marble quickened
With life and moved
Toward the broader clearing.
A wet leaf fell, undisturbed
By wind, to his back.
He did not wince, but sensed
Its weight as if the forest called.

ROY MCGILLIVRAY, '40.

I knew some day I'd find you—
Reading a book in the autumn shade
Or learning an ode God must have made,
Making your way in the snow,
Shielding your eyes against the glow
Reddening coals make in a blaze,
Feeling the sorrow of endless days,
Hearing a bird call—out of tune
Musing about the man in the moon.
In the spring you'd lengthen your stride,
Wait hours for a tulip to open wide;
Catch your breath at the color around
Then sit—remembering autumn's sound.
You were like that when I saw you, too.
You looked at me
And
—Your eyes were blue . . .

MARGARET ROBERTS, '40.

Some day you shall fall mad, my love,
And the light in your eyes shall glitter.
Your wit shall dull and go bad, my love,
And your heart go rancid and bitter.

Your laugh will ascend the scale, my love,
And small sounds that you hear shall haunt you.
But shall I sit then and rail, my love?
No. For then I'll know I don't want you.

MARGARET ROBERTS, '40.

College Room

This is the place we live in. We have known
How in this mirror burned the Yellow bloom
Of many candles. Without, great winds have blown,
But have not snuffed the peace within this room.
Here things have come alive; the Ancients spoke,
In a forgotten tongue of time and space;
And under laughter drowsy minds awoke
And stretched themselves to run a nightlong race.
And the lacquered box, the slouching chair,
Have seen good, gracious friends and known their thought,
While we were listening in the shadowed air
To the brown chuckling of the coffee pot.
These are the things we snatch from out the gloom,
Within these walls, within this breathing room.

BERNICE SALANS, '40.

Moonlight

Celestial radiance, thy silvery beams fill the darkness with a flood of
pale, soft light;
How breathtaking the thought of thy age-long flight;
How wondrous thy miracle in changing the night
Into a silver-edged fairyland.

MADELYN SELIG, '40.

Twilight

The soft, mellow sun
Pours gently down
Upon me.

It is a golden twilight,
An eternal twilight
For me.

I have sat here often
In the sullen dusk
Alone.

My shadow on the rock
Is bent and small,
Dwarfish.

Not so long ago
The golden rays cast a large
Strong shadow.

Even then there was
But a single shadow
Alone.

Yet farther back
A small jumping shadow was there
Alone.

For three generations
I have visited this lonely place
At twilight.

In all my endless moments
I have sat here
And wondered.

When I was the small shadow
I wondered, childishly,
Where the rocks came from.

The large broad shadow
Pondered on why it was
Alone.

And still—I wonder—
Though my brain be tired,
My body weary.

For I have climbed these heights
So many times,
Always alone—alone.

EDWARD SULLIVAN, '40.

Debate

I put aside my familiar room
Went cautiously down the stairs,
Opened the door,
Admitted myself into the night.

It was raining.
The hard, cold rain of
A December night.
I did not venture toward it.
There was
No need.
I stood on the porch
And felt its sensations as my own.

One lamp
Strew its rays over
A circle of ground
Showing the rain to be
Groups
Of long drops
Falling
Into the whispering stillness
About me.

The sound was incessant
The clatter of it on a tin roof—
The muteness of it on dead grass—
The softness of it on moist earth
The graciousness of it on wet bark
The brightness of it on silver pavements.

I seemed to feel my body astir
With a thumping in my breast.
There was no noise—
Only pulsation.
The wind
Laden with rain slapped over the porch rail.
I started.

I stared at the falling rain drops.
I felt as if I were whistling through space,
Rattling around in ozone—
A ridiculous figure away from environment.
It was hard to keep my balance
As if I were standing on the top of a marble
The wind pitched itself at me—
Rolling and swirling in its fury
I stood dazed

Watching it come,
When it hit it collided with my very bone
I rocked away from it—
Almost falling.

The stairs that went into the rain
Sloped from my feet.
I turned
And ran into the house,
Terrified.
The wind tugged at my skirt
Before I could close the door
Against it.

I pressed myself against the door
Not sure whether to stay
In my isolation
Or out
Into the free wind.

MARGARET ROBERTS, '40.

finis

It happened in a dream—
When He smiled so tenderly,
And said, "I'm done with you."
I looked to plead, but hid in shame.

I turned in my restless sleep—
And saw Him fasten the Gates
With a chain of dull stars—
Tinted clouds drifted together hiding forever the entrance.

The clouds softly, yet swiftly,
Changed from a gentle rose
To murky black, surrounding the world—
There was no thunder, but silent rain.

And I knew He wept—not bitter tears,
But tears of pity and hopelessness
For you and me—
For all men.

EDWARD SULLIVAN, '40.

Goodbye was never meant
Spoken yes . . . by lips not the heart . . .
It was not ever sung
In a melancholy cry
Of sentiment.
For it was not meant.
Could not be.
Although the cleavage between
Is sharp, deep, final as the grave . . .
Yet not . . . goodbye.

BETTY TRUE, '40.

You have entered
The pages of a book
And your look
No longer is alive
Except as a story
Read and loved
A long time ago.

BETTY TRUE, '40.

Prayer for Youth

O Lord, in this our hour of departure
Help us to see the light;
Help us, that in our working years
We may retain some of that sweet
spirit within us:—
Ever vibrant
Ever strong
Ever questing for the new—the untried.

Help us, that in a world of savagery
Of inhumanity and unleased passions,
We may find some bright clean spot
On which to build our lives:—
Ever hopeful
Ever trusting
Ever guiding our craft to Thy
still and peaceful shore.

MADELYN SELIG, '40.







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